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### POPULAR TALES.

"To virtue if these Tales persuade,  
"Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

### CLIFTON ROCK.

A TALE OF THE YEAR 1676.

I was lately wandering near the place of my nativity, and home of my childhood, in one of those wild and romantic tracts of New England, which are celebrated as the favorite haunts of the Indians in early times; and which, subsequently, as the emigrants continued to extend their settlements, were distinguished as the scene of many a perilous adventure and bloody deed. Who does not, as the deeds of the past crowds on his memory, while he rambles over those peaceful hills, or threads his way through the deep glens of the mountains, feel his heart glow with unwonted fervour, as his imagination reverts back to those days of trial, when that populous region was yet almost a wilderness, when the fierce yell of the savage reverberated through the wildwood, the precursor of devastation and blood. But the hills are no longer dressed, in the beauty of nature's wildness. The hand of industry and enterprise has divested them of their rude costumes, and thousands of bleating flocks, and unnumbered herds feed on the verdure of their green sides. The brook still glides through the valley; but the hoary forest, that used to cover its banks with its impenetrable shade, is supplanted by the luxuriant meadow, and the teeming cornfield. But it still leaps down the mountain rocks, with the same unrestrained wildness, and scatters its foam on the same woods and crags, as in those days long past, when the original lords of the land traversed its precipitous and overhanging cliffs, in pursuit of the wild deer or the fox, and perhaps, with all the ferocity and tenacity of his nature, hunted his human victims through the cheerless ravines, or over the rugged rocks, that so much abound in some parts of New-England.

It was over one of these rugged, yet highly picturesque tracts, that I was walking with my friend, to whom the scene, and the circumstances connected with it, whether of history or tradition, were familiar. In the midst of our wandering through a scene, pregnant with recollections, of a past and venerated age, I was peculiarly struck with the appearance of a deep and fearful chasm, on the dizzy brink of which we suddenly stood. The water issuing from an extensive morass on the top of the mountain, here, for the space of half a mile, rushes with tremendous fury, between high and overhanging rocks, which at the tops are about twenty feet asunder, while the bottom of the abyss is considerably wider. The average height of the precipice is about fifty feet, but it gradually diminishes as you proceed up the stream. Huge masses of rocks are scattered along the bottom, against which in the fury of its descent the water dashes, with almost unparalleled violence, and, as it foams in contact with its rocky bed, throws its spray far above the impending cliffs. Except at noonday, the sun never pours his genial rays into this secluded spot. The few stunted plants and shrubs, which were observable in the crevices of the opposite rock, wore a sickly hue and the deep gloom of the surrounding forest impervious to the sun rendered the scene peculiarly grand and impressive. Yet there was a melancholy gloom pervading the place, which, mingling with its sublimity, so absorbed my mind that in imagination I was carried back to the time, and participated in the incidents, which characterize that thrilling event, the circumstances of which my friend was relating. We were standing on the precise spot, where its catastrophe occurred. An aged beech, which had hundreds of times scattered its autumnal leaves to the November winds, stood on the brink of the precipice.

On its smooth bark, for many years had been carved with various ingenuity and skill, the names of the visitants to this interesting spot.

There were to be seen, some written at full length, and others only the initials, the names

of many rustic worthies, who long since descended to the tomb, and left no other memorial of their existence. The rude graves of some might be pointed out by the old in the village church-yard, whose rustic tombstones, obscured by time, were only intelligible to the village antiquary. But the beech tree at Clifton Rock is the only faithful monument of a buried age. It is an innocent and not an ungratifying propensity of our nature, to endeavour to perpetuate our names, beyond the brief era of human existence—to acquire a sort of earthly immortality—to live in the memory of a future age. It may constitute an incitement to virtue, to the emulation of the good deeds of those who have gone before us, and left to their posterity the inheritance of their example. Its prevalence is universal. Not only do we see it visibly in the wreck of the benighted and sanguine aborigines of our own country; but it is visible in every clime, and cherished by every nation. It is equally to be traced, among the rude and barbarous remains of the ancient Britons, in the days of their Druids, and in the land, where "Runic Odin howl'd his war song to the gale;" as in the proud monuments of art, and the almost breathing marble, of Greece and Rome, in the days of their immortality. And in the simple efforts of the unpolished peasant equally, and indeed, more beautifully, than in the splendid mausoleums of the rich and great.

In the frequent and sanguinary wars, which our fathers were obliged to maintain with the Indians, it is well known to all, that the savages in their murderous warfare, slaughtered indiscriminately all the English, who came within the grasp of their vengeance. Age, tottering with infirmity and bending on his staff, and the buoyancy of youth and childhood, in the innocence and bud of life, were doomed alike to feel the death wound of the tomahawk and scalping knife. All, in those bloody struggles, the stern and hardy warrior, and the weak and unoffending, were victims of savage ferocity. The bloody knife and tomahawk were not content to blanch with grief the mantling cheek of beauty, dimming the brightness of its angel eye with the tears of wo, as it wept over the mangled corpse of a lover, a parent or a brother; but the instruments of savage cruelty, were bathed in the warm current of woman's heart, and her bleeding corse was often left to fatten the soil of the bleak wilderness. In one of those horrible and bloody massacres well known in History, the Indians had succeeded in utterly desolating a flourishing settlement near the foot of the mountain. The wretched inhabitants, who had not fallen in the assault, were butchered as they were overtaken in their flight; so that comparatively few were left to tell the horrid tragedy of their fate. Many a fair form on that dreadful night, lay reeking in blood, and writhing with agony in the dust; while those who escaped, trembled aghast in view of the

cruel death, which seemed every moment to await them.

Some, by seeking an asylum in the woods, were enabled to elude the foe; while others, of the few that remained, were taken and slain. Lucy Clifton, with a few others, was yet lurking in the fastnesses of the forest. She was the daughter of Mr. James Clifton, a gentleman of fortune and education, who had fled from the land of his birth to the American wilderness to avoid the intolerant persecution of religious bigotry. Three years had passed since he settled with his family in the fertile and delightful valley where he had purchased his residence; and during nearly the whole of that period, the country had been distracted with war, and the savage yell had literally pealed through the land, teeming with portentous fate. His daughter, in the flower of her age, was pre-eminently the recipient of nature's bounties. She was possessed of every female accomplishment. Around her twined all the graces of form, blended with elegance and urbanity of manners, and in the lineaments of her face shone the charms of exquisite beauty chastened by the modesty of her conversation and the courtesy of her demeanour. Yet the flash of wit, sparkled in her keen blue eye, and the beams of uncommon intelligence, pervaded her countenance, while the blandishments of beauty, and a superiority of intellect were so combined with a vigour of mind and steadiness of purpose, as to render her an object of universal love and respect among the settlers. She was torn from the land of her nativity, and the bowers of ease and happiness, to dwell, like the rose in the wilderness, scattering its fragrance on the desert wind. Yet even here, in the solitude of the deep forest, she was able to find those who were worthy of her friendship and solicitude. She was the life of the social and domestic circle, and the probability of her death cast a deeper gloom over the wretched group of mourners.

Yet perhaps she was secreted in some of the many caves of the mountain from whence her prudence forbade her to emerge, and might yet return to bless and cheer them in their desolation, and solace their grief. But alas it was more probable that her remains mingled with the ashes of the faggot, in the flame of which she had in agony expired, or had fallen a victim to the relentless knife, and her mangled corse lay festering in gore, neglected and alone. No intelligence had been obtained although all the exertion, that prudence would allow, had been promptly made and anxiously pursued. The following day was spent in fruitless search and the Indians were yet lurking in the neighbourhood, inhumanly mangling and burning those, who were unable to elude their vigilance. Lucy Clifton had sought refuge on the adjacent mountain, and as the morning sun dispelled the shade of night, she saw with grief, the ruin of the settlement, and the desolation of her home.

She was in the act of descending the mountain to join her friends and ascertain the extent of their calamity, which was but too truly foreboded by the smoking ruins beneath her, when she was startled by the shouts of a party of Indians, who at that moment discovered her, and engaged simultaneously in pursuit of their victim. But she fled before them like the mountain deer, and they no less swiftly pursued. But by the disparity of their speed were soon scattered, and only one continued in close pursuit. Almost despairing of deliverance, and faint with intense exertion, but still sustained and invigorated by the horrors of the death that seemed to stare her in the face, she continued to dart through the woods on the wing of despair. Farther efforts now seemed unavailing, for she was rapidly approaching the tremendous precipice, and the roaring of the torrent now sounded her death knell, for she well knew the impossibility of passing the barrier to which she was approaching. A thrill of despair and horror shot through her frame, as she beheld the Indian in pursuit, close upon her footsteps advancing with eager strides, his countenance distorted with a hideous grin, and the yawning gulf opening its terrors before her. She was on the point of yielding her life a sacrifice to the uplifted tomahawk ready to drink her blood, when with a momentary reflection, as the savage was scarcely ten paces behind her, she resolved to venture the little chance of her life that remained in a single desperate effort, preferring to die on the rock that frowned below to sustaining the pangs which savage cruelty would inflict. Nerved by the desperate impulse of despair, and summoning all the vigour of her nature, she scaled like an eagle the awful abyss, and sunk exhausted on the spot of her deliverance. Amazement mingled with chagrin and rage were depicted on the countenance of the savage, when he beheld his destined victim leap from the rock and reach in safety the opposite cliff.

Prompted by a diabolical hope and reckless of impending fate, he too, with a mighty effort, gained the opposite side of the precipice. But his was only a momentary exultation. He was greeted by a musket ball and, with a shriek of stern despair, sent headlong down the deep abyss, and dashed on the rock beneath, mingling his boiling fury with the raging of the rushing waters. Miss Clifton's deliverer, was the noble youth who afterwards became her husband, and through an eventful and valuable life proved himself worthy to be the recipient of so distinguished an honor. His name is intertwined in a chaplet of fame, and is identified with the history of his county.

#### ALEPH.

Never converse freely with servants, if you do they will consider you as their companions, and be impudent in return—remember the old adage, “too much familiarity breeds contempt.”

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA SAT. EVENING POST.

#### THE VENDUE.

(Continued.)

We found every thing necessary for our accommodation in and about the house, as we four set down, for our old friend was detained. “Thank God,” said Graham, as he placed himself at table. “I once more sit down in my own house, and with my neighbours. This gentleman’s name I am sorry not to know.”—“A thousand pardons, Mr. Graham,” said the sheriff; “Solomon Overton—it is not a name to be ashamed of.” “You are now,” said Graham, “Mr. Overton, at a table where you have no doubt sat many a time before, and where, my dear friend—for you are that in heart and soul—you shall ever be a more than welcome visitant. You have this day done an act which secures you an ample reward. The engagement is made with a party who fails in none of its contracts. Go home to your family, and cheer the heart of the widow and the orphan, and lay your head on your pillow in peace. I am much mistaken if Mrs. Trimming or her son will sleep to-morrow night as soundly.”

It was now I first had it in my power to observe the countenance of Mr. Overton. To a common observer, and on any ordinary occasion, his face would have indicated nothing within above the common country farmer; but to my eye, and under the circumstances which led to our acquaintance benevolence of an exalted kind beamed from his eye, and I still sincerely believe from his heart. His conduct, which had so deeply interested me in his favour, had a still stronger effect on Mr. Graham.—Similar services to himself could not have secured a more marked gratitude; and as he rose to depart, his host again pressed the old man’s hand, and earnestly requested him to meet him next evening. “I am going in the morning, Mr. Overton,” said Graham, “to Mrs. Trimming’s, to arrange my affairs with the sheriff, and hope to see you again in the evening, together with these gentlemen.” We bowed our obligation to our host; and with the esteem of us all, Mr. Overton departed towards his own house.

The evening was spent by the sheriff, a very intelligent man, giving us the general outline of the most respectable inhabitants of the neighborhood; of which I found he ranked, as most wealthy, Mrs. Trimming. “That woman,” observed Mr. Graham, “in my opinion stands in need of a small reverse, in order to teach her humanity.”

“Her heart is not the most tender,” replied the sheriff; “and her son is in every respect the child of his mother. I am afraid that good man, whose roof covers Mrs. Swansey and her children, will soon feel their vengeance; as I am convinced that his friendly interference in favor of their victims will not be forgiven.” “They may themselves plead in vain for the mercy they have denied, before it is in their

power to unhinge another family," said Graham, with eyes flashing fire. He instantly felt the impropriety of this indulgence of feeling, and checked himself; and proposed retiring to rest. To bed we did go—but sleep, I believe, was a stranger to our eyes; the events of the day were too important to be so easily forgotten.

Next day, at the appointed hour, found us at our place of meeting. The transfer of the land and personal estate was made, in form, to Mr. Graham, and witnessed by Mr. Trimming, Mr. Jamieson, who we found there as the friend and counsellor of the Trimmings, and myself. Thus far all was well, and advanced smoothly; but as Mr. Graham drew forth his pocket-book, apparently to pay the purchase money, he observed to the sheriff, "If I am rightly informed, the only claim against the estate of James Wallace is in favour of the estate of Jasper Trimming; you would do me a favour by informing me of the amount." This was done. The execution was produced, cost summed, and \$5843 55 appeared to foot the account. "This young gentleman was very impatient yesterday to know my right to make this demand," said Graham, with great bitterness. "I am now ready to relieve his anxiety," handing a paper to the sheriff. A dead and very painful silence followed. The countenance of Trimming fell; his skin became pale; dreading, he knew not what, he sat the picture of terror. The lip of the sheriff curled with a secret gratification, whilst his expression of feature was that of extreme surprise.

"I presume, young man, you have heard of the house of Ford, Williamson and Graham, of Philadelphia," said Mr. Graham to young Trimming, as he again received the packet from the sheriff. "I have," faintly replied Trimming. "No doubt you have, and shall again," said Graham, with unutterable contempt and severity. Bowing very low, "I have the honour to introduce to your acquaintance Mr. Simon Graham; and to convince you I am no impostor, here is your father's signature to a mortgage on this very house and lands, and here is still more demands which I hope you are in a condition to meet."

Unfeeling and worthless as he was, his wretchedness was too great not to excite pity. His lips were sealed; and whilst the sheriff and myself regarded him with commiseration, the crest-fallen Trimming writhed under the dreadful scowl of the terrible Graham.

"Return and comfort your charitable mother; you have it now in your power to sympathise with Mrs. Swansey and her children. This money I shall put into the hands of the sheriff, if he thinks it necessary." "I see no reason why you should pay me your own money, Mr. Graham," observed the sheriff; "if Mr. Trimming acknowledges your claims, the business must be between yourselves." "His claims are just," said Trimming, secretly, no doubt, wishing to soften his judge; but his judge appeared in no very melting mood. "I

shall be here again on next Monday, when I wish to see the state of your accounts; as it is my wish to settle in this county, it is my intention to take my affairs into my own hands; so be ready, young man," said Graham, as he rose to depart. During the whole of this scene Mr. Jamieson sat silent; and very unceremoniously departed, as we did, but in a different direction. "That scoundrel," observed Graham, "has made a discovery. He finds poverty where he sought wealth. I admire his prudence in leaving this domicil; and, if he takes advice from me, he will never return. And this kind hearted mother and son, their evening enjoyments during this week are benefactions from Heaven—may they be duly grateful for the boon. It is not really my intention to crush them; the memory of the departed husband and father will protect them from ruin. If I find him capable, and I think he is so, it is my intention to retain him as my clerk, but I must hold the rod over his head." I believe both his hearers were of accord, in admiration of this extraordinary being, and both felt relieved when his magnanimous intentions were announced. The conversation turned, however, on other and indifferent subjects, as we slowly returned to Mr. Graham's house; where, on our arrival, we found Mr. Overton and one of his daughters, who had come to aid in again putting the house in order.

By desire of Mr. Graham, the transactions at Trimming's and his resolution respecting that family, were kept to ourselves. "It is, however," exclaimed our host, "an empty precaution; their friend Jamieson will make their misfortunes amply known." How clearly he comprehended the man, appeared in less than two days. That the proud and unrelenting Mrs. Trimming and her insolent son were actually turned out of house and home, by a great merchant from Philadelphia and had been refused even the boon of remaining in their house one week, was the gratefully-swallowed report of the day.

We found a substantial repast ready, and the disorder incident to the sale remedied. The house had again assumed the appearance of being the residence of decent inhabitants. Mr. Overton, delivered the grateful acknowledgements of Mrs. Swansey and her children; but I could not clearly comprehend why young Swansey had not himself appeared. The absence of the females was natural; but Mr. Overton, in a few words, accounted for the conduct of all. "You must have the kindness to excuse young Mr. Swansey, and his mother and sister, from paying their respects here. The shock is too recent," continued Mr. Overton; "James Swansey could disregard the loss of his home, but I am afraid his courage would be unequal to meeting in this house its new owner, and remember, as he must, that in it he could never again see his beloved parent and sister. Pardon me, sir, but I advised him against the attempt." "Perhaps their repug-

nance to return may be removed," said Mr. Graham. "I have a plan in my head which, if it meets the views of Mrs. Swansey, may restore her to her home without any violent shock to her delicacy. Here is nearly eight thousand dollars, which I this moment pay into the sheriff's hand for her use. If Mrs. Swansey will consent to take this farm on easy rent, it is her home again—and who knows but she may be again its mistress? I have other property in the neighbourhood, and will most willingly see this family restored to their fireside."

Suffice it to say, this proposal was acceded to next day by Mrs. Swansey and her son, and communicated to Mr. Graham. "I do things in my own way," said that gentleman, "and as the new year is now at hand, suppose we have a house-warming, and celebrate the season and the occasion together. I am told Miss Swansey sings tolerably, and I touch a piano sometimes," striking, with admirable skill, the chords of the instrument, which had become his by purchase. "I should like to put this piece of furniture under the care of one who knew its value," he continued. "It is some time since I have indulged in festivities of any kind, and may now be excused to relax a little."

New Year day, 1805, was therefore agreed upon as the day of restoration, and for the introduction of the Swanseys to their earthly preserver. The day arrived—I was with my friend on the morn. His whole demeanor exhibited at once anxiety and restless impatience, for which I could not account. He wandered from apartment to apartment, as the hour of meeting approached. His conversation was loose and incoherent. The annunciation that the expected family had arrived, restored him to himself in a moment. He received them with a dignity and politeness which at once dissipated the sense of obligation which, on the part of his guests, would have marred their unexpected happiness. The embarrassment of manner was transferred to Mrs. Swansey. The tones of his voice aroused recollections vague and undefined. Her mind wandered, she knew not whither. From impending ruin, herself and children were restored to competency. She was again at the head of the house bequeathed to her by her father. Yet she became distant, abstracted, and unhappy. Not so her son and daughter—accompanied by Mr. Graham, the house was traversed from cellar to garret. His other guests were left to me and Mr. Overton. The annunciation of Miss McFrame only made confusion worse, as joy seemed to render all sedateness out of question.—The conduct of Graham continued, however, to my comprehension inexplicable; a total change had taken place. He laughed and played with the light-heartedness of youth. His most expressive eye beamed with pleasure unutterable, as he led Jane Swansey and her brother from room to room. Summons to dinner for a moment restored some powers of recollection. Mr. Graham then

advanced, and, with great delicacy offered his hand to lead Mrs. Swansey to the dining room. Though both were advanced in life, it was seldom that two more imposing figures could be seen together. Their forms, their respective characters, and the novel means by which they were brought together, combined to turn the eye of every guest upon them as they advanced. In passing up the room they came full before a large mirror, when Mrs. Swansey gave a convulsive scream, as she glanced upon the reflected image of her conductor, turned a frenzied eye upon his face, and exclaimed, "God of Heaven, it cannot be!" "It can be," passionately replied the agitated Graham. "Has eighteen years so changed me, Maria, that William Swansey is forgotten?" My husband—my wife—my children—burst from the members of this once more united family. We were at length seated at table; but the viands were literally untouched. The frenzy of joy was contagious, and never were there met a more happy group than that now joyful family. The piano and the song were forgotten, when Mr. Graham, or rather Mr. Swansey, observed, in a solemn tone, "We are met, and I am of opinion I cannot more usefully employ this evening, than in giving you the history of my life, the causes which led me from home, from this ever-remembered and beloved family, and the train of events which have conspired to restore us, assembled in the hall of the Swanseys, to each other."—This was indeed a welcome proposal; and, with deep attention, we heard the history of the wanderings of William Swansey.

(To be Continued.)

### THE TRAVELLER.

"He travels and expatiates as the bee  
"From flower to flower, so he from land to land."

### HURON, OR OUISCONSIN TERRITORY

The Cincinnati Advertiser has a letter from a traveller, dated at that place, containing an account of this new territory whose boundaries are to be fixed by the next Congress. As it embraces the lead mine district, some particulars extracted from the letter spoken of may not be unacceptable to our readers.

Its population is already about 16,000 souls of whom 10,000 are engaged in drawing mineral wealth from the earth. The remainder occupy the villages of Galena, Cassville, Prairie du Chien, Green Bay, and others less known to us by name. That its population is rapidly augmenting, may readily be gathered from the fact that 5000 persons passed through Buffalo, in the space of a single week this season, for Ohio, Michigan, and Huron. The latter seems indeed to be the *nucleus* of another Ohio, as to her climate or soil, to which may be added her vast mineral wealth, and unlimited facilities of navigation. It is a mistaken tho' prevalent opinion, that the cold is excessive. Snow falls, indeed, sometimes

to the depth of twelve inches; but all the grains, fruits and vegetables, found in the same latitudes in the United States, also succeed here. Such, too, is the influence of the Gulf, (southerly) winds which set up the many streams and dissolve the snows, that the harvests are reaped as early. The interior of the country is always healthy. On the borders of the larger streams it is sometimes otherwise in the summer, the great inundations of the spring leaving large pools which afterwards stagnate; but fevers are generally confined to the borders of the Mississippi. On the water courses the soil is broken and hilly; in the interior, undulating. About one third of the land is of first rate farming quality, and about one tenth is well timbered. The purest water is found in every direction.

Some of the copper mines may be found southeast of the Porcupine Hills, which lie on the coast of Lake Superior; but the great mine, from whose copper the spoons in Peal's Museum were made, lies on a stream which runs into the Onontagon river, nearly northwest of Copper Lake, and in latitude 46. A line drawn west from Chippicotton river of Lake Michigan, in about 42° 55', will strike Copper Mines on the branches of Rock Pectano, sometimes called Pectoliea, rivers. The mine which Dr. Franklin was so anxious to secure in the treaty with Great Britain, lies on an island in Lake Superior. Galena, in about latitude 42° 24', is situated on Bean (Fever or Feve) river, twelve miles from its junction with the Mississippi and Small Pox Rivers, and has 250 houses and 800 inhabitants. Portage Summit, on a space of land between Ouisconsin and Fox Rivers, is mentioned as likely to be a thriving town with advantages which may make it hereafter rival Cincinnati. The writer says of this place—

"In the heart of a fine country, suitable for farming, the thoroughfare to the Indian trade in the upper section of the Mississippi, commanding an uninterrupted Steamboat navigation to New-Orleans, save the rapids of Desmoines, and Navigation equally free for boats to New York and Montreal, may not Missouri and Arkansas, in a few years, receive their supplies at a reduced rate of transportation by this route?"

Huron presents many sites for canals, and for making connexions between the Mississippi and Lake Superior. A natural one, as we have before mentioned, exists in the spring, when the waters are high. R. W. Chandler, of Galena, is about to publish a map of the mines, furnishing a general topographical view of the mineral region now worked.

*Wearing a Wife.*—A poor man of Grenock, Scotland, lately applied to a magistrate to have two of his children admitted on the poor's roll: "How many have you?" said the baillie. "Five and twenty." "All by one wife?"—"Oh no, sir, I am wearing the fourth."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,  
In pleasure seek for something new."

### HOW TO STOP A RUNAWAY HORSE.

A few days ago, two boatmen having resolved to become competitors for the cup at the ensuing Regatta took their boat over to the New Ferry, on the Cheshire shore, to fit her up for the occasion. When the tide fell, the boat which they intended to haul up to be painted was left high and dry on the beach, and having procured a small cart they packed into it the masts, sails, and other appurtenances, including a cable and anchor, and were proceeding with them to the ferry house, when the horse, a powerful animal, took fright and furiously dashed along the shore. Finding all their endeavours to arrest his progress in vain, and apprehending, as one of them said, that they should "upset" or "founder," a parley was held as to how they should act. "Shiver my timbers," said Jack, "let go the anchor!" No sooner said than done. "A turn was taken round the trains or 'bits of the cart,' and at the word 'let go!' down went the anchor over the stern, and the cable was paid out. In a moment the cable came to its tension, the anchor was ploughed into the ground, and, holding firmly, the furious animal was brought to a stand-still—surprised at finding a "stopper" put so suddenly to his "course." "There now!" said Jack, "that's what I call bringing the ship up all standing!" We would recommend some of the young gentlemen who sport their tits in the neighbouring lanes, or along the north shore, and who are but indifferent horsemen, to take a hint from the cool contrivance of these tars in a gale, and carry a small anchor and cable behind their saddles, in case of accidents.—*Liv. Alb.*

### MARRIAGES.

Look at the great mass of marriages which takes place over the whole world; what poor, contemptible common place affairs they are! A few soft looks, a walk, a dance, a squeeze of the hand, a popping of the question, a purchasing of a certain number of yards of white sattin, a ring, a clergyman, a stage or two in a hired carriage, a night in a country inn, and the whole matter is over. For five or six weeks two sheepish looking persons are seen dangling about on each other's arm looking at waterfalls, or making morning calls, and guzzling wine and cake; then every thing falls into the most monotonous routine;—the wife sits on one side of the hearth, the husband at the other, and little quarrels, little pleasures, little cares, and little children, gradually gather round them. This is what ninety-nine out of a hundred find to be the delights of love and matrimony.

*Sleeping in Church.*—The Rev. Rowland Hill, while preaching saw many of his congre-

gation asleep, which occasioned him to say, "I am sorry to see so many of my congregation asleep, and among the rest Mrs. Hill;" but for this public admonition to his better half, he got a severe reprimand, and promised not to wake her up again in public. Shortly after the good lady was again asleep and nodding in church, and a person near her snoring so loud as to disturb the congregation. This Mr. Hill could not long endure, and he called out "don't you snore so loud there, or you will wake up Mrs. Hill."

**The Tailor Bird.**—This is one of the most interesting objects in the whole compass of natural history. The little architect is called the Tailor Bird, Tailor Wren, or Tailor Warbler, from the art with which it makes its nest, sewing some dry leaves to a green one at the extremity of a twig, and thus forming a hollow cone, which it afterwards lines. The Tailor Bird is only about three and a half inches in length, and weighs, it is said, three-sixteenths of an ounce; the plumage above is pale olive yellow; chin and throat yellow; breast and belly dusky white. It inhabits India, and particularly the island of Ceylon. The eggs are white and not much larger than what are called ant's eggs. In constructing the nest, the beak performs the office of drilling in the leaves the necessary holes, and passing the fibres through them with the dexterity of a tailor. Even such parts in the rear as are not sufficiently firm are sewed in like manner.

**A hint to the studious.**—A celebrated Florentine has aptly said,—A painter will wash his pencils—a smith will look to his hammer, anvil and forge—a husbandman will mend his plough irons, and grind his hatchet, if it be dull—a falconer or a huntsman will have an especial care of hawks, hounds, horses, &c.—a musician will string and unstring his lute;—the *Literati* alone neglect that instrument, the *Brain*, which they daily use; by which they range over the world, and which, by much study is consumed.—*Jour. of Health.*

**Arabian Maxims.**—When wealth becomes scarce in one country, and subsistence precarious, remove to another. God's earth is widely spread from east to west.—Choose a sword by its blade, and not by the scabbard—Respect a man for his worth, and not for his apparel.

As the celebrated and haughty Seymour, speaker of the House of Commons, was riding one day, near Henley upon Thames, he met a large west country wagon, which he was astonished to find did not turn aside in compliment to his dignity.—As the wagoner approached him, Seymour lifted up his gold headed cane and made a blow at him.—The fellow falling back just his whip's length soon convinced the courtier of his error; who smarting under the well applied lash, exclaimed, "sirrah, villain,

I'll commit you to gaol!—I'll send you to the devil, don't you know who I am?" "Naw, who beenst?" "I am the *Speaker*, rascal!" "Rotte then," replied the sarcastic lout, "why didn't you speak before?"

## BURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1829.

Our readers will be pleased with the style, manner and character of the story of "Clifton Rock." We hope the author will let us hear from him again and again, and we will use our endeavours, should he feel disposed to favor us in future with the productions of his pen, to give them an early insertion.

**The Parterre.**—The third number of this little budget of fun comes to us embellished with a first rate portrait of the editor's lady, a good representation of the *Mother Bunch* that our imagination has so often pictured as the author of the *Fairy Tales* to which her name is attached. As we are informed a portrait of the editor, no less elegant and striking than that of his rib, adorns the preceding number of the work, we are anxious to possess that also; and hope he will so far evince his liberality, as to forward it to us forthwith, that we may have the gratification of viewing together the likenesses at full length of a pair of now venerable worthies, as they appeared "forty years since," when arrayed in the fashionable costume of the day, glowing in the beauty and freshness, and surrounded by all the graces of their youth. But in truth we are so taken with these same portraits, that we had like to have forgotten to inform our readers that the "Parterre" is published monthly in Hartford, Conn. and is, take it all in all, for we have neither time nor room at present to descend to particulars, a pleasant, whimsical, spirited little affair; but whether our too oft repeated, and long protracted gaze on the transcendent beauties of the editor's better half, has caused our eyes to wax dim, or whether it be owing to some more potent cause, we know not, we have in vain turned its leaves to come at a knowledge of the terms on which they might be allowed to revel in this Parterre of sweets, and feast their eyes with a sight of these, most admirable of pictures.

## MARRIED,

At Stuyvesant, on Thursday the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sturges, Mr. Thomas Ratcliff to Miss Elizabeth Staats.

At New-York, Capt. Paul B. Macy, of Hudson, to Miss Mary Ann Macy, of Nantucket.

At Saugerties, Mr. Calvin Frary, junior editor of the Ulster Palladium, Kingston, to Miss Louisa Chollet.

In Kingston, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stillman, Samuel Curtis, Jr. editor of the Columbia Republican, to Miss Sarah Maria Masten.

By the same, William W. Woodworth, Esq. formerly of this city, to Miss Catherine M. Vesburgh, of Kingston.

In New Lebanon, on the 5th inst. Mr. Jonathan Billings, to Miss Mary Jane Elmore.

In Chatham, on the 8th inst. Mr. — Woodward, to Miss Lydia Hollister.

In Canaan, on the 8th inst. Mr. James Darrow, to Miss Rhoda Davis.

At Claverack, on Thursday the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Capt. Charles Mitchell, Merchant, to Miss Charlotte F. Morton, daughter of the late Seth Morton, both of this city.

At Stuyvesant, on Wednesday the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sturges, Mr. Thomas Herrington to Miss Jane Bean.

In Petersburgh, by the Rev. Mr. Cannon, Mr. Wm. Gustavus Gun, to Miss Emily M. Pistol, daughter of the late Capt. Pistol.



## POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

## JENNE M'CREA.

The long expected lover did not come.  
 The maid, grown pale, by constant watching, pined  
 In anguish deep, and dread suspense. Grim war,  
 With bloody front, and carnage dire, and black,  
 And sweeping desolation, and frequent death,  
 And ghastly corpses in his gory train,  
 Danced wildly through the maiden's heated mind.  
 'Twas morn and the bright sun flung forth his beams  
 Of silvered, penciled light, athwart the land,  
 And the matin song of nature's tiny  
 Choir, in soft vibrations echoed through th' groves,  
 And exhalations of the new-born day  
 Curled gently up upon the breathing gale,  
 When Jenne, languid, haggard, pale and wan,  
 Her sleepless couch forsook—a deep abstraction  
 Her mind o'ercast—she looked, yet listlessly,  
 Nor did her aching heart, with joy expand,  
 At view of nature's charms inimitable.  
 To one loved object were her thoughts enchained,  
 That object distant, and to death exposed,  
 Momentary, cruel death, from friends afar.  
 Her dark and sprightly eye rolled heavily,  
 And the frequent sigh, and the heaving breast  
 Spoke loud the inward anguish of her soul.  
 Like an aspen trembled her fragile frame  
 At sound of war—her timid heart beat hard,  
 And quick, at sight of battle implements,  
 And like the fearful fawn she shrank from view.  
 Such was that fair maid, and such that bright morn,  
 When bloody wars dire hell-hounds—a savage  
 Band, in dress, fantastic, horrid, frightful,  
 Came, to beat to her impatient lover,  
 The beauteous maid—the first shock of fear  
 Subsided—nor prayers of friends, parental  
 Tears, nor savage wildness, nor gloomy wars  
 Alarms, her timid, maiden mind could shake,  
 Or turn her from a step so hazardous.  
 Such is the power of love, all absorbing  
 Passion, unconquerable, uncontrolled!  
 Onward they went—another band by love's  
 Incautious and impatient care, approached,  
 On the same mission sent—they met, they clashed.  
 On their contorted brows, demoniac  
 Rage sat pictured—and satanic screams,  
 And hellish shouts, rung forth upon the air.  
 The bewildered maid sunk synecopic  
 Down, in deep, yet blessed unconsciousness,  
 Onoko, her first protector-chief, leaned  
 Her gently up, against a branching pine—  
 And there, beside, firm, fearless, stern he stood,  
 His swelled and chorded veins throbbed quickly,  
 Nerved strong in the daring strength of courage.  
 In the lofty pride of savage wildness,  
 He stood boldly forth to shield his charge,  
 Unconscious and defenceless innocence.  
 Upon Onoko rushed the opposing chief—  
 They closed, they struggled, fell—and in the gore  
 Of slaughtered comrades rolled—victorious,  
 Up sprung Onoko—he turned, gracious God!  
 A hatchet gashed the maid's fair brow.  
 Largely the purple life-stream flowed—she gasped  
 Convulsively—faintly—and again was still—  
 Her pure, stainless spirit had departed.  
 No more the sunny smile around those pulpy  
 Lips enchanting played—no more the beauteous

Tinge of health, spread o'er those glowing cheeks—  
 No longer beat that guileless heart within  
 Its spotless pris~~on~~—in her own rich gore  
 She lay like parian stained with purple.  
 Nor parents, lover, 'more could she behold,  
 Nor friends, nor sacred home.

OSMAR.

This unfortunate young lady fell a victim to savage cruelty during the Revolutionary war near Fort Edward. She was betrothed to a young American, then in the Army, who, anxious to obtain his expected bride dispatched a party of Indians to escort her to his quarters. They procured her; but he, from some unaccountable cause, had dispatched a second party, soon after the first, upon the same errand. The parties met and contended for the prize—in the affray, the unfortunate girl was slain by one party, to prevent the other from obtaining her. The ancient pine where she was murdered yet stands perforated with balls, a striking emblem of wounded innocence, and a painful memorial of the unhappy fate of Jenne M'Crea.—*Cal. Curiosities.*

## THE MOSS ROSE.

The Angel of the flowers one day  
 Beneath a Rose tree sleeping lay ;  
 That Spirit—to whose charge is given,  
 To bathe young buds in dews from heaven.  
 Awaking from his light repose,  
 The Angel whispered to the Rose :  
 " Oh fondest object of my care,  
 Still fairest found where all are fair,  
 For the sweet shade thou'st given me,  
 Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."  
 " Then," said the Rose with deepened glow,  
 " On me another grace bestow."  
 The spirit paused in silent thought,  
 What grace was there that flower had not?  
 'Twas but a moment—o'er the Rose  
 A veil of Moss the Angel throws,  
 And robed in nature's simplest weed,  
 Could then a flower that Rose exceed?

## ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,  
 "Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Turn-stile.

PUZZLE II.—A guinea.

## NEW PUZZLES.

I.  
 A riddle of riddles that dances and skips,  
 It deceives with the eye, and cheats with the lips :  
 It seldom is seen, yet often is read ;  
 It's as light as a feather, and as heavy as lead ;  
 If it meet with its match, it is happily caught ;  
 But if money will buy it, it's not worth a groat.

II.  
 I am in surprise and in pain, the centre of joy, and  
 the principal mover of sorrow.

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